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VOL. XVIII.

SALINA, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1888.

By M. E. W. S.

[Copyright.] "Save my Russia leather beg! Oh! save

reached my ears as I mingled in the crowd at Florence, who at the railway station quar-

at Florence, who at the railway station quarreled and struggled over luggage and tickets and all the machinery of departure.

The voice and accent were unmistalably English. I saw a slight and ladylike figure with a decidelly pretty face and a profusion of light hair. Comprehending the situation and a little Italian, I followed the servant who had taken the wrong bag (they all look exactly allike, and presented it with a low bow to the agitated lady.

I received a profusion of thanks and a bow from an elderly, pompous man, rather of the Turveydrop order, and an invitation to take the unoccupied seat in the railway carriage with them, which was soon to tunned the Apennines toward Bologna. The little service I had rendered led to a conversation, an interchange of cards, a very pleasant day's ride.

Miss Sinchair, elderly, flirtatious and made up. The light hair was a wig, the pink check was a judicious touch of the hare's foot, the was a judicious touch of the harek foot, the slender figure was (oh!) scraggy. It was fifty aping fifteen, with the usual dientrous con-sequences. The pumpous gentleman was her brother, Col. Sinclair, a man who had "half pay" written all over him, and I fear a little thing worse, but a very agreeable and

talky parson, nevertheless.

There was a fourth person ("tals tol, nor cour") whom I have not mentioned. If I had been deceived in the case of the aunt with a faux air of juvenility and beauty, her nices, Miss Emily Suclair, made up for my tem-porary blight. Here was a profusion of light hair, very real, very beautiful, brown and gold, and ripple, and curl, and all sorts of things, and all her own. Then there was of things, and all her own. Then there was a profile pure as that of Pauline Bonaparte, by Canova il always believed that Canova improved on the original. He was in love with her); then two gray eyes, with lashes and eyetnows of deep black, very aplendid and flashing; then a mouth with a dash of carmine, a sweet and very firm little mouth; and then a pale complexion—too pale—the young English girl missed her bath of sea air. Most of these expatriated English girls grow up pale on the continent, and I soon loarned that my fair friend had not seen ber native island since she was five years old; a period which I judged from her looks to have een fourteen years ago. Well, now to account for my own future

behavior (although I hate the first person), I must tell you that I was at that time a traveling artist, and that most of my acquaint-succes in Europe had been made in railway arriages I had no letters to princes, dukes or ambawadors, but went around, kit in hand, pitching my tent wherever it pleased me, and knowing whom heaven pleased. It is the high road to adventure, and if it occasionally gets a man into an unpleasant predicament, it often brings him great good fortune. Things are too cut and dried is the erdinary story of every day respectable life. No people's faces are so marked with entrui as those of the very respectable. Col. Similar's face was not, however, beav-ily freighted with that particular expression. I suspected then—and afterward verified my ay" at the roulette and other tables devoted with that fatal ruisedventure which follows some very pretty women, escaped the matrimony which would have been her only shield against her own tilliness, and now was, while nominally

chaperon of her niece, very much in need of a chaperon herself, for the facility for falling In love had not deserted her. She saw a pos-sible lover in every masculine figure, and most beautiful girls in all the world. In my day's journey I found out that the very ne-

castities of the case had developed good sense and caution in the poor girl. She shished her aunt, watched her paps, was so diguished, gentle and modest that I could only think of Sunkespeare's A thousand liveried angels lacker her. She needed them, heaven knows! "So you are an American?" began the col-onel in a large English manner. "Well, I have known some of your country people with much pleasure. Some of them very

eccentric, vulgar, uneducated, rich, over-dressed people, but a long residence on the continent has obliterated many of my preju-dices. I am now prepared to find virtues even under the most barbarous exterior, and often have discovered some very rough diamond.

among your people."
"Thank you," said I, "I wish I could meet that particular countrywoman of mine who says 'Wai' and 'Britisher,' and talks about making tracks' and uses such words as 'maliop, etc. —in fact the American young lady as pictured by English novelists. I have nover seen her, nor have I met the human being who ever did."

him Emily laughed and mid, "Does she

not belong to that same ideal school which the French picture us as belonging to—the English lord and the English mees of the is gross caricuture." are the sketches of my country
and I. "No doubt vary
Americans come to Europe, people," said I. "No doubt very queer Americans come to Europe, spend a great deal of money, and are disposed to make themselves ridiculous, but

are there not vulgar people in all nat

"I am sure, papa, we have our 'Kickle-burys on the Rhine," said Miss Emily. "I have had many charming school friends among the American girls in Paris and Florence. I shought them very refined, and perfectly obedient to their mammas. I did not see that they were unlike others girls."
"And I am sure," said Miss Sincialr, "that the American gentleman whom we met at the table d'hote at Innspruch, and who was

I did not want Miss Sinclair's endorser but that of her niece had been very sweet After we had exhausted the American ques-tion we began to talk of art, and I found that hiss Emily was a student herself. In fact, one of the many red Russia leather tags contained what she was pleased to call her "things," by which I understood water color

At Bologna our party was re-enforced by a gentleman whom they all knew slightly, and whom they addressed as Mr. Polenta. Like myself, he seemed to have been but lately myself, be seemed to have been but lately picked up on the road somewhere in their wandering life; for like so many of the continental English, the Sinciairs had lived everywhere by turns, but never long anywhere. However, a large flirtation was immediately in progress between Mr. Polenta and Man Sim lair, and I began to be hanned by a same of having seen Mr. Polenta somewhere. As for his name, that meant hasty pudding, according to Joel Barlow, so that was no help. He was about forty, and very wait drawed, but that did not assist my memory. Do what I would, I kept looking at Mr. Polenta and he at ma. Finally he said with some tact:

with some tact: "Where have me met before, sir?" "Just what I was trying to think, str," said. We neither of us could think, but it has-

ished the awkwardness.

So when we all arrived at Venice, and went out on the canal together, and not at the table disots at Danielli's, we felt like old friends. I was permitted to hold Miss Emily's color box while she sketched the Bridge of Sighs; Miss Sinchair and Polecta meantime were sighing, under the black canopy of the gondola. I gave Miss Emily some hints as to her chiaroscure. In fact, we had become such good friends that the colonal had promised me that Miss Emily should sit to me for my Euphrowyne; for, like most young paint-



sdies charmed with gundola and Adriatio bout him; at least I did not about him; at seast 1 cus hos.

Emily showed me one day a good little statch she had made of him as he talked to her aunt. It was slightly caricalured.

"Maphistopheles, I call him," said she.

"Oh, no; not so had as that," said I.

"I institutively hata him." said she.

"Ob, no; not so bad as that," said I.
"I instinctively hate him," said she.
I had got the arrangements made for the Euphrosyne picture, and Mim Sinchair had reluctantly assisted. Emily, with her bright hair wreathed with green leaves, as the youngest of the graces, was the most acquisite of visions. I did not wonder that her aust found it sad enough to look at her. Probably she once had looked like that—a drawn of youth, grace, love and delight. The business of playing propriety is a corner, while a younger and more beautiful woman is being adored, has never been sought for by eiderly, finding maidens.
Swiftly, as if a piratical Turkish galleen

Swiftly, as if a piratical Turkish galleen had swept down on our little gondola, and had taken us all off to siavery, did fate come down upon us and break up all our serus plans. Like a fairy tale came in princes and plana. Lite a fairy tale came in princes and princesses; royal empresses dashed through the Adriatic; beirs apparent came with great suites, and the grand canal was a glittering serpent with its gens of illumination. Bril-liant officers in glittering uniforms clanked about Danieli's old musty halls, and glanced. at Emily as they seek her with eyes that blassed with admiration. The coloust, in the midst of all this movement, had found some congenial spirits, and we saw little of him.
The table d'hote caught some of the leasur lights, and as the great people moved off we noticed one party who offered us some elements of interest.

A beautiful

ments of interest.

A beautiful woman, a young man, her son, and a young girl, evidently an invalid, as directly opposite us at table. A Neapolitan ledy of high rank—we may as well call her the Princess of San Marco—was the beautiful woman, looking beside her son as if she might be his asser. He in turn was like her, and beautiful. I use the word advisedly and deliberately; there are few very beautiful men in the world. The young Prince Cetare was one of them. The dark, smooth Neapolitan one of them. The dark, smooth Nespolitan skin covered some very perfect features in his face, and a pair of soft black velvet eyes, finished and brilliant, even in that land of eyes, lighted it up wonderfully. He had a smile of the rarest, and teeth such as I have smile of the rarest, and teeth such as I have never even out of Italy. It was as if the pear! had been prepared in the Orient, that hastrous pear! of the Chepatra kind. The standows would come and go in his greateyes, with every change of unotion, as lights and standows strike across a lake. Then his sarfle, like a burst of sunshine, would come and make his beauty almost intolerable. His voice and manners were those of these rarely sifted people—noft, winning, at the same time gifted people—noft, winning, at the same tim maniy and unaffected.

maniy and unaffected.

I had an artistic pleasure in this young man's beauty, it having been my business to find out and study physical beauty, as my profession demanded, and I did not wonder when those magnetic eyes sought out the steel gray eyes of my Euphrosyse; that her long lashes fell before them, and that the basished rose of England, which had faded in the alieu Italian nir, came back to her cleaks in splendid freeliness. Prince Camere had but to give two or three glances of these soft eyes of his across the table to take the youngest of the graces captive. Soft eyes. youngest of the graces captive. Soft eyes, did I say! They held the fire of the old Roman race in their liquid depths. Course came from the neighborhood of voicesses, and he looked it, with all his sweet, soft

But I am neglecting his sister, a poor sick girl, evidently a "title disturbed in her mind, to whom the mother, brother and a certain Dr. Sebastiani paid unremitting attention. In her the family beauty was repeated, but in a lesser degree, and paled and "sicklied o'er" by some mental cloud. She too had fized her large black eyes on Emily, and threw us all into contustion by suddenly addressing her:

"I wast your grapes," said she in Italian.
Her mother blushed desply under her
clear, dark, main skin, and tried to slimme
her. But the poor distraught with hed conquered reason, and would not be clienced. "I want your grapes," said she almost

manty, quick wis, the sympathetic compre-beasion of the whole situation, which reads my Euchrosyne so superior to every other woman I have not. She gracefully detached "And now rou will give me some of yours,

ber own plate. From an awkward it became a pretty incident—a delicate young girl's caprice—and they went on chatting in Italian as if they had known each other all

that tropical atmosphere what flower would not have flourished?

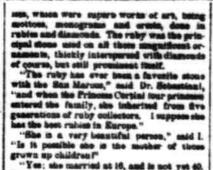
The colouel was delighted. Old Dr. Sebastiani called on him, told him of the rank and wealth of his patient, presented the compliments of the princess herself, desired for medemoiselle the young Princess Bianca the company of medemoiselle the young English lady, to whom she had taken a sudden od "A singular case," anid Dr. Sebastiani, taking the colonel by the button, to the in-finite actisfaction of the latter. "Some mea-

al and physical metady which we cannot fathom: never violent, never dangerous, but disturbed—very queer, at times very un-happy. Believe me, my dear sir, your fair daughter will come to no harm in visiting

The columbi, who would have embraced a raving maniac if he had been of sufficiently assured rank, gave his consent to the visit, which led to a great intimacy. The gorgeous mammas honored us all by the most gracious how and amiles, took Miss Sinelair out in her gondola, which were the king's colors—even paid me a visit to see my sketch of Enphrosyme, and commended it, while the young people were together all the time.

The friendship which the young princess had conceived for Emily was bringing benith to her cheek and soundains to her mind. David's harp had set a more enliming influence upon Sani than had Emily's voice, meaner, presence on this affilience young girl, and with his sister and Emily was always Conne, with his heanty and charm.

So the poor artist was forgotten, and excepting during the hours of sitting I mw Emphrouyne ne more.



"Yes: she married at 16, and is not yet 40. She has teen always beautiful, and always will be, for her lines are good, and nothing Conere has them." "I wonder if the princess would honor me with a sitting, and in that dress? I asked.

"I think so: the princess is very gracious, and she likes to be admired. In fact, my friend, what beautiful woman does not? I will ask her, or better still, you shall get your Euphrosyne to ask her," mid good natured old Dr. Sebastiani.
I had not miscalculated on the influence which art over bods over the itelian mind

about not have dared to ask a woman of equal rank in any other country to give me the privilege of painting her portrait, on the very shor: and imperfect introduction which I had led to this emissue indy. But ofter a I had led to this eminent indy. But efter a few days, shrough the interposition of Bu-phrosyne, I was formally presented to the princess, and after an hour's talk about pict-tures—a subject on which I found him vary well informed—she graciously consented, or more graciously ordered from me a picture

It was a respicuousnt moment for my little studio when all these rubbs and all this beauty came into it. My either had stepped out of one of Taisan's frances to all intents and purposes a magnificant woman, and the effect of this superb toilette was incomparable. I do not know what javale do to a woman; they men to lituralizate her, to bring out her they men to siuminate her, to bring out her matural good points. Those blood red stones on that white neck were so deading that I

on that white neck were so densiting than I threw down my brushes in despair.

"Remember Jan Ton Eyck," said the princes smiling. "He said he conquered the socrete of color in painting jawels."

There i had before me the most beautiful girl of 19 and the most superb woman of 20, in a humble studio in an old palace in Venica. I had some of the most rescool jewelry in the world to copy. I had Lecrenia Borgia cabinets, Servesuto Celiusi gobiess, old tapietry and everything else that was artistic about me, in fact, the moment of my artistic life had arrived. I was in an my artistic life had arrived. I was in an artist's paradise, and yet I despaired; such beauty as that before me is so discouraging. What can we do to approach R! I think ! owe Poissts one for belping me at this junct-ure; for he and Miss Singles: strolled in to ots our party; and looking ... me with his Maphistopheles sneer, he said: "Rather too much for you?" and his ayes

oli greedily on the Jewsia. That was the spur i needed, and I That was the spur I needed, and I were on from that moment bravely.

I often paused as I worked to cast a look about my studie, and to wonder at the group which gathered about me through the acci-dent of travel. Cessre, his sister and Emily had taken up their camp in one corner, and devoted an hour a day to what they called painting. I called it by another answe, but still was glad to have them there. The young Bianca continued to improve under the friendship and sunstane which Emily be-

stowed on ter, and Cenare was falling in love with becoming celerity.

Madame in Princesse made a charming sitter. Sibe was full of intelligence, full of talk, full of knowledge of Italian history, art, politics—everything; she had that serume unconsciousness of difference of station which I have noticed in those who are perfectly assured of their position, and made us as consturtable as if she were not a princess, or as if we were princess. or as if we were princes.

Every day she came in her gondols, with a maid, bearing the precious jewelry, which she donned after she arrived at my studie.

was beginning to conquer those rubies, and found it a delightful place of work. Potenta and Miss Misstair, those elderly lovers—that Paul and Virginia of fifty— cause often to look in upon us. Even the colonel bustowed a well dressed pompous visit spen us occasionally. But I noticed a great spon is occasionally. But I notices a great change to him. He was growing very shalty, and his hand and eye betrayed him. The colonial would not be long the elegant bat-turer of firmals hearts which he had been. Gout, lumbage, riseumstiam were all after the colonia; a fast life tells after 60 years of

Raphrosyna. Every other day I went from the queen of beauty to the youngust of the graces, and worked away as Emily's por-



me and admired, draw away the lustrous busediction of those changedul, steel colored syst; so you will see I have painted Rephrosyne leoking away from me.

One day I noticed Maddalema, the dignified Neapolitan waiting maid of the princess, pating away the jowels. I noticed that she put them in one of those Russia leather traveling bugs which had led to my acquaintance with Miss Sinclair. At the same ascenses I noticed that Emily was putting hor painting materials away in another exactly of the same style and pattern. Mr.

Poienta and Miss Sinclair were watching both operations. I do not know why the Poients and Mine Sinciair were watching both operations. I do not know why the event struck me, but it did, and I had occasion to remember it efforward. Finally, both of my pictures approached completion, and our little party began to take of separating. The prinous said her family were going back to Naples. The poor young Sissen was much better, and the friendship between herself and Emily very firmly fixed. To what state Cesare and the latter had arrived it was difficult to my—it looked to outsiders very labe an engagement.

libe an engagement.

Miss Sinclair, meantime, second to have fixed Polenta. She came to me one day.

Agitating her flazen wig, and giving an elderly and metured shiver, which she intended for meldar coyuna, she told me since bevid's herp had not a more eniming influence upon their than had Englity voice, meaner, presence on this efficient young girl, and with his nister and Englity voice, meaner, presence on this efficient young girl, and with his nister and Englity was always Centra, with his nister and Englity was always Centra, with his nister and Englity was always Centra, with his nister and Englity was always Enghronyne no more.

Beentime a bail was to be given by the king in honor of a certain great personage, who, a little later than the rest, was like them seed to know them. I see 'd that they were will born people; in fact, in spite of the colonel's habits, he had all the nir and manner of a gentieman born; his sister, in spite of the colonel's habits, he had all the nir and manner of a gentieman point, in a spin distinction. The ordered had been seen and daughter were of course in vited, and we were allowed to see her as the appeared in a spinodid sourt costume.

The ordered was worthy of any distinction. The colonel had been seen ever since we came to Vanice with a very hard looking set of his The colonel had been seen ever since we came "Do you know who you are attacking, Dr. She was indeed a picture worthy of old Venice, so she appeared in a crimmon valvet, with some rare ince and her superty jevels. Dr. Substitute states and property jevels. Dr. Substitute states and per substitute states and property jevels. Dr. Substitute states and property jevels. The substitute states are substituted in the history of these jevels; the titers during from the fiftheenth contany, the magnificant from a certain pupe first lady of the family and low whom money is the first of the substitute substitute of a rule gamble—a man to whom money is the first manual to the substitute of a rule gamble—a man to whom money is the first manual to the substitute of a rule gamble—a man to whom money is the first manual to the substitute of a rule gamble—a man to whom money is the first manual to the substitute of a rule o

"Strange people, these phisquatic Eng-lish." caid be. "They talk about the hot headed children of the sun! Pab! do you suppose we have any such insanity in our blood! Do we get drunk every night! Do we squander our fortunes! No! We are great gamblers, it is true, but we play, by throwing our fingers in the air, for a few poince or a fig. We do not gamble away house and vineyard as you sober, coll-blooded Englishmen do—ah, no!" It was to him that I owed the disagreembly knowledge, which he brought me one even-ing, that the colonel had been caught cheat-ing at cards! yes, and expelled the tempo-

ing, that the colonel had been caught cheating at cards! yes, and expelled the temporary club which had been formed at Venice among the traveling English.

Four Emily came the next day with tearful eyes to join the group in my studio. She did not know the extent of her father's diagrams, but she did know that something drandful had happened. It was the day that the princess was to give me her last sitting; and the came, radiant in beauty and accompanied by her daughter. Whether it was that Bianes, with her intensely excited nervous organization, felt the agitation of her friend and sympathised with ft. I know not, but she became very much excited, and be-

but are became very much excited, and be-gan to talk wildly.

Miss Sinclair and Polenta came in during the sitting, he former to tell Emily that they had decided to leave Venice on the morrow, and to bid her pack her things for

syms fell on her sketch book. He opened it, turned over its leaves and came upon the caricature of himself, the one she had made caricature of himself, the one she had made on the Grand Canal. I saw him grow pale and red and cleuch his teeth; he can one look at the young head, which was at the moment bending over her work, and it was a look which promised evil things. As if a baleful cloud had suddenly entered

As if a baleful cloud had suddenly entered my peaceful domain, poor Bianca be same wildly, hopelessly raving. Her brother and fimily rushed to her and tried to soothe her, while her mother sprang to her side. The parveyum passed over soon, and she fell into a fit of wesping, which enabled the princess to leave her a moment and prepare herself for departure. Hastily taking off her jewels and such external decorations as her picture demanded, she left them to Maddalessa to and such external decorations as nor picture demanded, she left them to Maddalena to pack up and bring borne, while she wrapped horself in her dark clonk, and with Cran-tock Bianon to the gondols, I accompanying them down the marble steps and waiting

As I came back I saw Maddalens descend As I came back I as w Maddalem descending and Polenta accompanying her carrying some of her many bundles. I was somewhat astenished at this act of courtesy on his part, but learned that she had asked him to call her a goudole. Immediately following her were Emily and Miss Sinclair, also bearing heasts leather bags and impediments. essia leather bags and impedimenta. "So this ends my blissful summer, does it? twisspeed to Emily, as I turned to accom seay her. He could not answer me; she had drawn her thick reil over her face, and was

draws har thick red over her face, and was no doubt in tears behind it.

We had some difficulty about a gondoln, as it was an hour before their own was ordered, and the princess had departed in hers. Finally Poissta succeeded in getting one which took the two ladies and the maid and into which he got himself, leaturation to the non-desarted studies. I returning to the now deserted studio. My ploturus were both sufficiently advanced. I could finish them without another sitting; but I felt a sense of desolution, of desertion random not what—as I looked around the suddenly emptied room, and thought how questly, how suddenly trouble and serrow had succeeded to contentment and joy. And I had a mixed sensation as I looked at the two pictures. Which of those two women did I admire the most? I could have but an artistic interest in either. The great black sym of the princess looked at me full; those oyan of the princess looked at me full; those of Emphrozyne were turned away. They were both adorable, both in great trouble. Rank, fortune and beauty had not protected the princess from the saddest of calamities. Beauty and innocence had not protected and

would not protect Emily.

I went out and locked the studio. There are some moments when the problems of hu-man destiny are too intensely puzzling for us. I took a gondols, and rowed over to the Listo. There I spent the day with the quiet

They told me that Bianca had had a bad day. and that the princess was deeply anxious Later I mw Polenta, who said that the Sin daire were going to morrow; that the colone was deeply disgraced, and that the ladies were, of course, very sad. I sent up my was sitting late at night in the little balcony which overbangs the canal I felt a soft hand ou my shoulder, and turning saw Emily. "I have come to bid you good-by," said she. "You have been too kind and too good to me to leave you without a word. I want to ask you to save my picture until I ask it of you, and ! give you an address which will al

Here the poor girl broke down entirely, and I placed a chair for her, and seeing her lean her arms on the old stone balcony, where, perhaps, many a fair Venetian had dropped the inevitable tears of womanhood before ber, I allowed her to give way to her emo-tion before I answered her.

I looked at the address she had given me.

It was to a part of England which I knew very well, and to a noble name of whom I had heard much—Lord Greystone. So this and hand much—Lord Greyatone. So this young beauty with the disreputable father had a good foothold in sound, healthy England; the thought gave me much comfort.

"My dear Miss Emity," I said, as she grew calmer, "you may depend on my friend-hip; command me in any way. I have read your face during our short acquaintance, and I think I see a whole history in it. Trouble and sorrow have come early and uninvited and sorrow have come early and uninvited and sorrow have come early and uninvised to 'the youngest of the graces." but I have seen courage and firmness there to meet them.

You depart to morrow; take my address and write to me always, if I can be friend you." She gave me her hand silently and grate-

fully, and I pressed it, for the first time, to

The next day perced gloomily enough. At finner I saw the Princess and Centre, and beard that Blanca was somewhat better; but during dinner we beard a loud scream from the upper rooms which brought us all to our feet. It was the voice of Maddalena, which both recognized with horror, for it probably meant that Bianca bad destroyed herself. Dr. Sebastiani had seized my arm as bet left the table, and mechanically dragged no along with him. When we reached the spart-ment of the Princes we were relieved of our worst fear by seeing Bianca standing over Maddalona calmly, while the latter wavexthe contents of the Russia leather

"Madame's jewels! Madame's jewels! I have lost them; the are gone!" shricked the poor Abigail. "Here are the miscrable painter rags of mademoiseile, the En lish! Oh! I have taken her sachet instead of mine!" It was true; there were poor Emily's ting materials most unmistakably.

while I was packing them, and she looked at Madame's bracelet that had Prince Cesaro's portrait; she has stolen them; she has been a portrait; see has stocen them; see has been a thief!" screamed the frightened Maddalena. "It is a lie! Stlence, woman!" and Cesare, bis magnificent eyes flashing lightning. "Miss Sincialr a thief! You have but to send for your jewels, mamma. Miss Sinclair has un-doubtedly by this time had a fright equal to Maddalena's," and as he spoke he tenderly work or more Ferician lives. took up poor Emily's little bag.
"Stop, my dear Prince," said Dr. Sebas-tisms, taking hold of the bag: "this is a case

tered the room, and in the presence of us all examined the Rumian leather bug. Oh, horor of horrors? Down among the water color boxes gleamed the brilliant ruby brace-let with its medaling portrait of Cours.

let with its medalism portrait of Cesara.

Alsa, poor Smily!

"This establishes her guilt," said Dr. Sebustiani. "She intended but to take this, but was overcome by temptation and sacrificed the lesser to the greater; probably she expected to get both."

"Do you know who you are attacking, Dr.

inforgivable!
And what did I know of the Sine NO. 52 and met them in a railway carriage. I no possible right to speak for them, yet I as firmly convinced of Emily's innecessed

of I had known her all her life Polenta! A light flashed upon me. membered the look be had given Emily, the greedy eyes with which he had wallend the jewels. I immediately gave his description to the police, and determined to follo him if there were such a thing as finding his in the world. He was gone, no one knew

whither, and with him, I believed, had gone the San Marco rubies. It was slow work; the police did not be those days work in Italy as they do in France, but one victim was easily tracked. The Sinclairs were found at Nuremburg-The Sinclairs were found at Nuremburg— the colonel, a disgraced and husted man, having gone as far off the high routs and travel at possible—and how were they found timply because Emily had on arriving there missed her bag of water colors and had tole-graphed to me to know if she had left it at my studio. The telegram signed, "Emily Sinclair," openly proclaimed her innocement to me, but being stopped at the office by the police authorities and sent to Dr. Schartiant. police authorities and sent to Dr. Schastlant was by him appropriated and used as neans of finding her and causing her arrest When I next saw Euphrosyne it was i

prison, and the hand I had kissed was ex-tended to me through a grated window. The princess was a personage of so much e value, the efforts of Dr. Sebastiani were so vigorous, that there was little diffiulty in trucking the Sinclairs, in causing the arrest of Emily. It was curious to see the effect which followed this catastrophe; that Cesare and fortune, had fallen in love with a name ies, wandering English girl. It erased from her mind all sense of gratitude; she would not remember that Emily had been brough into her family by herself, and that her ser-vices had been at one time highly appreciated as a sort of ministering angel to the afflicted girl. No; with a woman's logic, she though that a girl who would steal her best jews, Cearre, would steal her lesser lights. Her beautiful face flamed with anger and indig-nation, and she ordered the search and the rrest to proceed with the greatest celerity, Of course nothing was found on the poo-girl; no estisfaction could be obtained from her except an account of what happened at my studio while I was absent putting the adies in their gondols. She leaving her table and water of

artrait of Prince Cosar vae," fell from its easy. A created a reentary confusion, and that she and here picked it up. The coming away was a fused recollection. She thought her This, of course, was construed into the co-fusion of guilt. The fact that the bracel was in her own sachel proved her eg

ver to look at the picture of

that of berself. She remem' with Maddalena about the

soked at the bracelet we

to us in hours of great agitation at fusion. When I had first seen Poline had a sense of having seen him When the first terrible discovery bracelet was made, a curious vis ng in the wards of a bosnital. lying, half convalencent and lang emember thinking how strange we tricks of the mind, that that vision, the half forgotten experiences of my

career as a student, should come i bead at such a time. When I commenced my attempted a ion agaicht Polenta I found great diffi in the way. He was there at the si when Maddalena was packing the and had since disappeared. He was known person. These was all again but they were very polynomials for a cusation. No one reme abered much hoselooked. He was a difficult person to eribe. How could I achieve any suce

with such slippery materials? But before Where had I seen Polenta! should not have remembered had I not be led to the contemplation of his character by the light of a great crime, and by the sight of the grated window, behind which stood Emily Sinclair, my Euphrosyne. Then I

all came to me, and I telegraphed to the chis "Search for Victor Gregoire in connection committed at Venice Nov. 2. Can furnish re portruits of him." I taust now go back to my student life in Parts in the early part of my career. Quite

en years before these events I had, ocess of my art education, freque ited the prisons and hospitals of Paris der to sketch remarkable logic. In the suit of this branch of my art I had one been permitted to enter the hospital atta hin who had committed a forgery. In recovering from an illness, and present good subject. He did not see me, but "A most remarkable villain, this !

Gregoire," said the chief. "He can; the character of a quiet gentleman than any man in Europe. He has d mere women, robbed more ports forged more checks than any livin aiways gets off, and his term be nearly expired. He will be out time. He has powerful friends After sketching Victor Greggi

nce was only one of ten ti brought me to this particul mined if I could to obtain The book was not in the leather bag which held " march and sec. I mu." burg. For this just per S Victor Gregoire, was v. 6

as I supposed, he had old haunts and had be However, ail crimin who have jewels to sell, must go to Paris That is at once the most confusing and the nost convenient of temporary resting plan (There are three places where stolen ge are disposed of with great facility, it is as After talking with Emily in her and giving her what comfort I could plied to Miss Sinclair. She was in the est grief. She had lost a lover as well as

ing a reel and a true regret for the sort of her niece, and her first and only que a letter for bert. He had premised to I was very glad she thus put me or guard, for had I allowed her to hear my pictons she never would have got me the sh ook of poor Emily's, from which i me

racted the picture of Victor Gragoire, nta. Poor elderly, weak, stay won shepherds of whom Bunyan speaks, whose names are Knowledge, Experie Watchful and Sincere." No, her little is dogs, no careful guardians. They comb led her astray, and got her into diffic-She was helpless, hopeless, and misers I asked her about their friends in E Could they not help her? She said no; the colonel had offended every body; the last terrible event would and to their in arger and disgust at his latest disgrace, i final touch of uter isolation. She added it an unmarried man, and that the remote

an unmarried man, and that the remote pur-bility of the younger man dying first, and the diverting the property into another chann was enough to make the colonel especia unpopular with the branch of the family we hoped to inherit it. Therefore it if for the unement I was the only the world to whom the poor girl, a accused of robbery, could approximate the same and the poor girl, and accused of robbery, could approximate the same that the own in

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a diller in the dark ball what I don't feet well. Bufe my eyes is leaking a dead to out in't and one of my moses don't go."

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